

# NEW-YORK TRIBUNE

From the People's Journal.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

**PRAYER unto God!** whose single will might  
Uproar the boundless roof of day and night; hung,  
With a broad veil that hides the Eternal's throne,  
The glorious pavement of a world unknown.

Angels trodden and by mortals sung.  
To God who fixed old ocean's utmost bounds,  
And made the moon, in her harmonious rounds,

Governs its waters with her quiet smile;  
Bade the obedient winds though seeming free,  
Walk the tumultuous surface of the sea.

And place man's daring foot upon a thousand isles!  
**Praise unto God!** who thurst the rifted hills,  
With all their golden veins and gushing rills.

Up from the burning centre look we now,  
Who spread the deserts, vernal and dun,

And those stern sons of the rock of sun;

Where Frost has built his pale halls of snow!

To God! whose hand hath soured in the ground

The growth of axes, the profound  
Green heart of solitude, unsought of men!

God! who suspends the avalanche, who dips

The Alpine hollows in a cold eclipse.

And hark! the heading torrent shivering down  
Praise unto God! who speeds the lightning's wing  
To fearful sight, making the thunder spring

Abrupt and awful from its rocky lair.

To raise some latent fire of the earth,

To bring some life bursting into birth,

And sweep desor from the troubled sir!

God! who subdues the hurricane awake,

The firm rock shudder, and the mountain quake

With deep and unextinguishable fires;

Who urges ghastly Pestilence to wrath,

Sends withering Famine on his silent path—

The holy purpose hid from our profane eyes:

Praise unto God! who fills the fruitful soil

With wealth, awaking to the hand of toll

With germs of beauty, and abundance, too;

Who heads abwart the footfalls of the skies

And spreads the silent stars and dyes.

God! who sends the seasons, "dark or bright,"

Spring's frequent resurrection of delight;

Summer's mature tranquility of men;

The generous flush of the Autumnal time;

The ever-changing spectacle sublime

Of pectorial Winter, savage or serene!

Praise unto God! whose wisdom placed me here

A lowly dweller on this lovely sphere—

This temporal home to mortal given;

Which holds its silent and words that stray,

Singing amid through the halls of heaven!

To lead me hither to prepare,

By wordless worship, and by uttered prayer,

By suffering, humility and love,

By sympathies and deeds, from self apart,

Nursed in the immortals chambers of the heart.

For that transcendent life of purity and love!

**A CIRCUS MURKED.**—One of the numerous traveling Circuses having visited Hamilton, Canada, and the provinces not being satisfied with the pay offered for the admission of the audience, during which sundry bloody noses and blackened eyes were received, after the company had packed up their traps to proceed to Bradford, a mob attack was made upon them, and they were compelled to put aside their circus tent. They next laid hold of the dresses and tore them up, following the exploit up by destroying everything that came in their way. During the morn, stones and brickbats flew about like balls at Pains Hill with loss fatal effect, however, sundry broken heads were received, when the leaders in the riot were arrested.

**THE CAMELIA arrived at Halifax on Saturday morning, in 45 hours from Boston.**

**Sales at the Stock Exchange....FRIDAY.**

\$10,000 64 pr. of Tn & Co 1025 250 Reading R. R. ....664

1,000 Illinois Sp. Rds. ....50 do .....664

22,000 do .....992 47 150 Long Island RR 662 50

1,000 do .....992 47 150 Long Island RR 662 50

2,000 Reading Rds. ....50 do .....664

5,000 do .....524 100 do .....664

3 Book of New York 1244 100 do .....32

50 Macomb's 125 St. 25th Street RR 650 50

50 Book of Commerce 971 100 do .....664

125 Phenix Bank .....50 do .....664

25 Farmers Trust. ....450 Nor & Wor .....534

500 do .....692 100 do .....664

500 do .....692 100